American Sentinel.

OLD SERIES, Vol. XXVI.—No. 1,369. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT—LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S." NEW SERIES, Vol. 9.—No. 3

WM. H. GRAMMER, Editor. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1859. THOMAS J. LOCKARD, Printer.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

THE AMERICAN SENTINEL is published every Friday Morning and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 per annum; if not paid within three months from date of subscription $1.50; and $2.00 if payment be delayed over the year. No subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged $1 00 per square of Ten Lines for four insertions, or less, and 25 cents per square for subsequent insertions. To business men advertising by the Quarter, Half Year or Year, a deduction will be made. Business Cards of Five Lines or less, $5 00 per annum. Communications on subjects of individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. Marriages, Deaths and Obituary Notices not exceeding Five lines inserted gratuitously.

JOB PRINTING.—Having an abundant variety of material suited for Plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at short notice and on reasonable terms.

BLANKS of every variety constantly on hand.

POETRY.

For the Sentinel.

A STORM.

Mocking birds are singing—singing,
But sweetest songs they will;
For the storm is ringing—ringing—
Adown the distant hill!

And the little thrushes—thrushes—
Are trilling very low;
All among the bushes—bushes—
A waving to and fro.

And I hear a howling—howling—
O'er all the hills and dales:
Like the wild ones prowling—prowling
For prey among the vales.

Now the storm comes sweeping—sweeping
By the homes of rich and poor:
And the wicks comes creeping—creeping
All around my open door.

[illegible]
With terror and alarm;
For the woods are groaning—groaning
Around the rural farm.

Forest trees are crashing—crashing,—
Teaching awful love!
And the seas are lashing—lashing
Their waves along the shore!

Mountains now are talking—talking
Of ruins 'long the plain;
And the streams are walking—walking
'Mong the wrecks upon the main.

Mortals! ever cumbering—cumbering!
It brings a voice of doom:
"*You will soon be slumbering—slumbering—*
Down in the silent tomb!"

CEDAR OF THE SOUTH.

Violet Dale, Dec 30, 1858.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Don't Put it Off"

It is an old saying, says the Sun, but one too often neglected, "never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day." With hundreds, procrastination is the besetting sin. Is an insurance about to expire? "Time enough to attend to it yet, on receiving the notice," say such persons; "there is a week or two yet." But, not unfrequently, a fire breaks out; the store and dwelling is burnt down, and lo! when too late, the victim remembers that he forgot to renew his insurance. Are there symptoms of a financial crisis ahead? The procrastinating merchant, though aware it will be necessary to prepare for the crisis, puts off making arrangements to raise the required funds till the storm actually bursts, when it is often impossible to borrow, and then bankruptcy is the consequence. Is an unpleasant duty to be performed? "Oh! I'll delay it a little longer," is the cry of him who loves his selfish comfort; "it's an ugly business any how." The consequence is that it is never attempted, or attempted too late. People laugh at the old proverb, "procrastination is the thief of time," because, they say, everybody knows that; but these old proverbs are the common sense of centuries, and it will be time enough to [illegible] when dowb as trite when [illegible] everybody obeys them.

Take the example of parents who delay correcting the faults of their children. Week after week slips away; the child is too young, they say, to begin yet with it; and so things go on till the fault has become a habit; till correction is often useless; till the child is ruined for life. One might select scores of other illustrations from everyday life. It would be well for us if we would lay some of these old proverbs near to heart, cease to disregard them on the plea that they are trite, and act them out in our common life. Don't put off the reform an hour. Begin at once. Whatever is worth doing at all, should be done today.

Wholesale Abuse of Opium.

One of the curious facts recently revealed by the publication of custom-house tables, is, that there was imported into this country last year, three hundred thousand pounds of opium. Of this amount, it is estimated, from reliable data, that not more than one-tenth is used for medical purposes. The habit of eating opium is known to be spreading rapidly among lawyers, doctors, clergymen and literary men, and enormous quantities are used by the manufactures of those poisonous liquids which are dealt out in drinks in the saloons and groggeries that infest every city and village in the country.

A Wealthy Clergyman.

It is said that his Holiness the Pope receives out of his States some $8,000,000 a year. Of this $6,000,000 goes to his private affairs, and $2,192,000 to pay interest, $2,600,000 goes to support army and police, $600,000 to maintain the prison, $24,000 to schools. Other expenses in proportion. The yearly deficiency is $1,800,000. The clergy own $100,000,000 worth of real estate; and hold all the fat offices.—The State debt is $27,000,000.

Alexander Robinson, who was arrested in Philadelphia a short time ago on a charge of rape in Delaware, having induced a young girl to leave her home on pretense that her brother was sick, and then committed violence upon her, has been tried and convicted of the offence, and sentenced to BE HUNG, it being a capital offence in Delaware. The execution is fixed for the 11th of February. Another individual was concerned with him in the affair, who will also be tried.

☞ The St. Louis Democrat contains a list of steamboat disasters on the western rivers during the year 1858, which may be summed up as follows, viz: steamboats sunk 47; do. burned 19; do. explosions, 9; estimated number of lives lost by these disasters, 250; estimated aggregate value of property lost by the same, $1,924,000, an average to each boat of about $26,000.

Woman—the last and best of all the series. If we have *her* for a toast, we won't ask for any *but* her (butter.)

13-3 and 1859.

The Cemetery of Time is rapidly filling up. One by one the years enter upon their "varied pilgrimage with man"—run their fleeting course—and then are quietly inurned. The departure of the Old, and the advent of the New Year, occurs amid no extraordinary circumstances, but Nature continues her wonted operations. It is true that the moaning of the winds through the leafless branches of the trees, so common in the depths of Winter, has been beautifully and poetically interpreted as Nature's dirge over the departed year, but no sudden change converts her wailing to shouts of joy and gladness over the birth of the New Year. And when we remember that frequently the year passes away with [illegible] of winter [illegible] we must look for some other manifestation of Nature's alternate grief and joy over the death and birth of the Years. Perhaps, in silence, she nursed these alternating passions in her bosom.

What a commentary is this upon the regal pride and pageantry that attends the birth of an infant among crowned heads, and the pomp and splendor that distinguish the burial of the dead! In this contrast a beautiful and sublime lesson is taught, which it would be well to treasure up.

As we pause amid the sacred precincts of the cemetery of Time, to cast a parting gaze upon the tomb of 1858, our lingering vision rests upon nearly six thousand monuments, marking the place where are entombed so many Years added to the Past, calling up a train of reflections both pleasant and gloomy, and—if properly indulged—instructive. This, however, is a subject for the sacred, rather than the secular pen.

To individuals, families, communities and nations, 1858 has left some mark of its fleeting reign. But we have neither time, space nor ability to trace its history, nor even an epitome of it.

Passing over other things, we observe that the necrology for 1858 is distinguished by many noted names, but upon the whole it may be remarked that death has contented himself with fewer "shining marks" than usual. Among American statesmen the most eminent deceased for the year was Thomas H. Benton. With him have departed Senator Evans, of South Carolina, Senator Henderson, of Texas, ex-Senator Bagby, of Alabama, General James Gadsden, of South Carolina, John A. Quitman, of Miss., Thos. L. Harris, of Illinois, and ex-President Anson Jones, of Texas.—Among lawyers have died Benjamin F. Butler and Chief Justice Duer, of New York. Among authors, William Henry Herbert, William Jay, and Madame Ida Pfeiffer. Among merchants Anson G. Phelps and Benjamin Marshall, of New York, and James Adger, of Charleston. Among mechanics, Isaac [illegible] and [illegible]. Among scientific men, [illegible] Dr. Robert Brown, the botanist. Among painters, Ary Schaffer. Among theatrical characters, the great Rachel, and Lablache, the singer. Among soldiers, Field Marshal Radetzky, of the Austrian army, and Major General Persifer F. Smith, U. S. A. Among naval commanders, Admiral Lord Lyons; of the British service, and two American commodores, Matthew C. Perry and T. Ap-Catesby Jones. Among philosophers, Robert Owen. Among prominent characters at the European Courts, the Duchess of Orleans, Redschid Pacha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, and Baron Ward, (the Yorkshire hostler.) Prime Minister of Parma. The Emperor of Japan also lately died. Among other notorieties deceased may be mentioned Soyer, the prince of cooks, Dred Scott, whose name will be a famous one in the annals of the country, and Eleazer Williams, the reputed Bourbon.

The volume of 1858 is finished, and now that the history of 1859 has been commenced, let us indulge the pleasing anticipation that when complete, it will bear the record of more good deeds done than its predecessor. Our country, it is to be hoped, will be more wisely ruled during the coming than it has been during the past year—that ere the sands of 1858 have run out and traced another furrow in the hoary visage of Father Time, in all our relations—commercial, political and industrial—we may be in the enjoyment of unprecedented prosperity and tranquility. In a word, that we shall be found a wiser, better, happier, and more prosperous people.

In the language of a cotemporary, reader, "may all the joys that a happy New Year brings be yours—and your departing days, be as calm as the setting of a summer's sun, and may each fleeting moment be as light as the bright illusion of a maiden's dream."

"In our weekly visit to your cheerful firesides we will endeavor to come laden with all the "good things" a liberal support can afford."

☞ Up in Illinois the ladies of some village, emulating the example of strong-minded and stout-fisted feminines elsewhere, proceeded to break up a whiskey shop by demolishing the casks and bottles containing the fluid. While in this lady-like occupation a Mrs. Sanborn fell down a flight of stairs and was killed.—A cask caught her hooped skirt and dragged her down to death with it.

☞ Morrissey and his pugilistic friends gave a pugilistic exhibition lately at Troy, New York. There were thirty ladies present, says a Troy paper.—What refined tastes the Troy ladies must possess.

☞ An international exhibition is to be held in London, in 1861, which it is said will far surpass the exhibition of 1851.

Were it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would fill our breasts!

"I'm getting *fat*," as the loafer said when he was stealing *lard*.

IMPORTANT JUDICIAL CHARGE.

A CHARGE DELIVERED TO THE GRAND JURY OF BALTIMORE COUNTY BY HON. JUDGE PRICE; AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF DECEMBER TERM, 1858.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury—

I am required by law to give you in charge certain acts of the General Assembly of the State. A list of these laws will be handed you by the clerk, and to which your attention is invited. Should you in the course of your deliberations or investigations desire any legal advice, you can always obtain it by application to the State's attorney, or to the court.

I know very well it has not been the [illegible] predecessors or mine to [illegible] you with any further remarks than what I have just made. But the circumstances of the times which surround us, the immense criminal docket which meets us here this day, must be my apology, if apology be necessary, for stepping out of the usual course, and asking your attention at this time a little while longer than what we have heretofore been accustomed to do. And the same circumstances must also be my apology for speaking to you more plainly, and perhaps more bluntly than would at other times, and under other circumstances, be becoming. For I shall not attempt anything like pleasant speech or address, with which to gratify the public taste, or with which to amuse the large auditory here present and now pressing around us. I have no ambition of the kind, and if I had, this is not the time or place for its indulgence. I would much rather say something, if I could, which, although unpalatable to you, might tend, by its very *roughness*, it nothing else, to arouse and bring into vigorous action the dormant but healthful energies of our body politic, and particularly of that great *institution* of our laws and government which is traced far back in the history of the common law, and which has grown with its growth, entwining itself round its very heart, and controling its pulsations—its very vitality—an institution which had its origin much more than a thousand years ago, and most likely among the Scandinavians, (Reeves' His. Eng. Law, 84) and thence with Rollo passed into Normandy, and thence with our forefathers here. A solemn recognition and confirmation of which was extorted of an English King, (John,) by sturdy and armed barons, in martial array at Runnymead, (still a pleasant meadow by the Thames) on the 15th of June, 644 years ago, and which is found in Magna Charta—this basis of the English constitution—and which is secured to us both in our old Declaration of Rights and in our new Constitution. I mean the trial by jury, [illegible] an institution decidedly dear to [illegible] [illegible] which is the "birthright" of our people. Yet, notwithstanding all this—all these high sounding phrases and the truth of them—notwithstanding it is an institution which has withstood the storms and rude blasts, the commotions and convulsions of more than a thousand years, while kingdoms and dynasties and empires tottered and fell and were engulphed—yet still it is an institution, like all other good things, capable of being abused; and which has been and is abused—prostituted to the worst of purposes—to the prostration of law and order—to the protection of criminals, red-handed avengers of their own wrongs—to the encouragement and maintenance of lawlessness, ruffianism, rowdyism and crime. But, more of this hereafter. There is another observation I desire to make before I proceed, and which is this: If in the course of my remarks, any observation should be dropped by the way, which you may not think strictly pertinent at all, to the particular duties of *Grand* Jurymen, I hope you will not, for that reason *alone*, consider them either as inappropriate or as uncalled for. And although I *may* say something to you, and no doubt will, which you, or many of you very well understood before, yet it may not be unprofitable to remind myself as well as you of them; and besides this, perchance to some of your body it may not be very familiar knowledge.

The position, gentlemen, you this day occupy is high and honorable. You constitute a part, and a most important part of the government. The duties and services you are summoned here to discharge are among the highest and most important which, as citizens, you owe your country, and which, as *good* citizens you should always be willing to render. Upon the proper and faithful discharge of these duties depend in a very great measure, the peace and good order of society as well as the security and happiness of yourselves, your homes, and families. It seems to be admitted on all hands that crime, from some cause, is rapidly on the increase in this country. Its course *must be checked*. The interests of our country, the welfare of our people, and the honor—if not the very existence of our beloved institutions—demand it. There never was a time, I think, in the history of our country when a heavier responsibility rested on those who have in charge the administration of the criminal law than now; and allow me here to say, that *power* and *responsibility* must go together. The court under our constitution and form of government, has but little power in the administration of criminal justice. The juries, grand and petit, *much*. On them, therefore must the responsibility principally rest. The court cannot punish unless the grand jury first present—and not then till the petit jury convict. Nay, more—the court cannot put the party on trial until the grand jury first present. Nay, still more—the State's attorney cannot even prosecute, no matter what the offense may be till the grand jury first present the offender. And when the trial is ordered by the court, the petit jurors are his *judges*—the judges of the law, as well as of the fact. And inasmuch as you have the *power* to present, or not present, you *can*—you have it in your *power* to—make null and of no effect the entire code of the criminal law. And in order to do this no *action* is required at your hands. You have only to do *nothing*, to remain passive and the thing is done. You have but to close your eyes and ears—to hear nothing, to see nothing, to know nothing—and the whole criminal law becomes a dead letter so far at least as punishment is concerned. Or, you may do *worse*, as inefficiently—as so to [illegible] weaken the force of the [illegible] it entirely inoperative, and consequently, if not entirely useless for its protection.

The grand and petit juries are the vigor, the strength—the very life of the criminal law. If their duties are neglected, or ignorantly or carelessly discharged, the law becomes ineffectual, lifeless, impotent, dead. So that you see where the *power* is, and where the *responsibility* is also. The community will look and have a *right* to look to the jurymen of the land for a *faithful* and efficient administration of criminal justice. And I think the conduct of jurors is attracting, and deservedly attracting, much more of the public attention now than formerly. I fancy jurymen imagine they are *not responsible* to the public and to the laws, and that they *can* do anything but what they please, or not do anything but what they please; and that they can hide themselves behind each other for concealment or protection. They are under a great mistake. Jurymen are just as responsible to the law, and ought to be held to as strict and rigid discharge of their duties, as any other officers of the law or government, if not more so. For the more important the duty, the stricter should be the accountability.

The power and duty of selecting jurymen is, I think, the most important and delicate which your sheriff is required to perform. It is a duty which should be most carefully, independently, honestly and intelligently discharged. They should always be selected from the gentlemen of the country of the very highest respectability and standing for intelligence, patriotism and moral worth, and without the slightest regard to favoritism of any kind, or to political or religious opinion. I do not mean to say that jurymen need be of superior scholastic education. I do not think so. But they ought to be men of good, sound, common sense, and of undoubted integrity. They ought to be of well-balanced mind, and of high moral character—respecting the laws themselves, and disposed and determined to enforce them impartially, and the governed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]